

# WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## LABOR.

Art, people that on earth do dwell  
Who boast the glories of your race,  
Know what of power or pride ye tell  
Hath patient Labor for a base.  
By this alone ye grow so great,  
By this ye live from day to day;  
This is the prop of all your State,  
And want of this is your decay.  
Then bend them not to useless toil  
Who put your idleness to scorn,  
Nor them for greediness despise  
To make like sheep but newly shorn.  
For Labor bears no luck in dower,  
Sweet needs must run for man's increase  
In health and wealth that merge to power  
Mid sure-foot guarantees of peace.  
Blest and thrice blest the rugged Face  
And noble Front all over scars,  
That does not with the dingy race,  
That was before creation's stars!  
G.W.S., in the Social-Democrat.

## The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTIS.

A case that was before the Paddington police court recently, in which a young man was charged with stealing a shilling from Mellrath's big grocery concern, revealed the fact that Mellrath employs spies to make purchases and organise cases against the employees. In this instance the spy was a woman, and when the case came before the court, the firm stated they couldn't put her in the box "because she was in the employ of a number of city firms," and her name would have to be divulged if she went into the witness box. An occupation that is so utterly reprehensible that the name of the individual following it dare not be made public is surely something to be met with drastic promptitude. In every shop where the employment of such a spy is known there should be prompt downing of tools and a well-organised boycott of the employer's goods. In the meantime, this paper will be pleased to publish the name of Mellrath's female spy if some one will supply it.

Once again the *Catholic Press* is letting off its penny crackers and jumping jacks and "Chinese Guns" against the McGowan party. This time, though, the Cardinal is directing the attack. When the *Press* broke loose some years ago in support of H. E. Kelly's campaign, a member of the present Ministry was able to persuade the Cardinal to order the editor to climb down—and the editor climbed down and shut up accordingly. The *Press's* present effort is directed to the swinging of the Catholic vote around to the motley party that David Stoney is leading to the quicksands of oblivion.

Westralian Labor Party is on the track of one of its members—Geo. Taylor—who accepted the Chairmanship of Committees in defiance of the party's wishes. If the Labor Party were to adopt the same drastic attitude towards its members who advocate organised scabbery and participate in strike-breaking exploits that it assumes in connection with minor delinquencies, things would be moving some. But in that case the Labor Party would have to be a working-class party.

Sydney *Telegraph* was almost joyous in its announcement of the fact that the middle-class Labor-Party-dominated Sydney Labor Council received in chilly silence the C.E.F. letter re the testimonial to Mr. Peter Bowling. Why were not those list-ordered to be sent along to the various unions, instead of being "allowed to lie on the secretary's table?" Ask the Labor Party why.

A Sydney Labor Council delegate, Mr. Lynch, at a recent meeting, objected to the Council pronouncing in favor of cremation because "it would be going the whole hog regarding materialism." If it were allowed to go forth that Labor approved of burning the dead, Mr. Lynch feared the fact would drive the votes of the religious people away at election times. The man who could object to cremation might as reasonably object to cleanliness. The present method of disposing of the dead is filthy, revolting, and dangerous to the living; and it is peculiar, to say the least, to find a representative of the wage-workers arguing that the superstitious prejudices of people who have failed to get past the intellectual barriers of the middle ages, and the political interests of a master-class party, should be considered before the health of the whole people.

The National Assembly of China has memorialised the Throne in favor of the most severe punishment short of death for opium-smoking.

It's not very long since Christian England threatened the Chinaman with death if he didn't take opium.

At Pompeii excavations revealed a petrified woman with both hands full of jewels. She had evidently been overwhelmed with ashes just outside the city.

A Mansion House fund has been opened for the relief of the 1250 women and children who have been bereft of their bread-winners at Bolton.

Capitalism gives death to the workers and charity to their widows and orphans.

Some tramway men performed work that was scab work while the Adelaide drivers' strike was on, and Clarke referred to their conduct in the only language that could adequately describe it, whereupon Labor-member and bosses' man Smeaton waxed silly at a tramway meeting, and another apologist for organised blacklegism moved that Clarke be requested to apologise for his words, and threatened that if Clarke were present he "would slap the words back in his mouth." Of course, Clarke wasn't present, which accounted for Mr. Irvine's boisterousness.

Darlinghurst jail offends the susceptibilities of the "nicest" people in the locality, and Gaud-Mayor Allen Taylor is going to call upon McGowan and Co. to shift its ugliness to some working-class centre.

A recent number of *John Bull* contained a statement from H. J. Brown, a tenant of the Duke of Westminster, who, with a thirty-nine years' tenancy to his credit, without ever having fallen into arrears previously, was threatened with distraint because he was unable to pay the quarter's rent when it fell due.

Adelaide *Daily Herald*, the Labor paper which refuses to open its columns to Socialist writers, gives the Single Tax fraternity a column in which to say in effect that if the single-tax were in operation the workers would get the full value of the wealth they produce, and that "nothing less than full wage will bring about the economic salvation of the worker." Since the wage-system presupposes exploitation, how can the worker get a wage and the full value of what he produces at the same time? In other words, how can he be robbed and not be robbed in the one act?

Taylor, who was denounced in Parliament by Liberal-member McCourt as a disreputable person carrying on a disreputable business, proudly points to the fact that he is a J.P., appointed by the Liberal Government, and challenges McCourt to come outside and "stand on the tail of me coat." This paper reckons McCourt won't come outside; but, all the same, Mr. Taylor ought to think before making damaging admissions. A man who openly confesses that he is a J.P. may one day find the fact used in evidence against him. Moreover, when a Liberal gang gives a man a J.P.-ship, it ought to muzzle its over-zealous members who hasten to tell the public that he's a disreputable cuss. The public may want to know why he was made a J.P. if the charge is true.

At the end of 1907 there was £2,693,738,000 of British capital invested in India, the colonies, and foreign countries. The annual yield was £139,791,000, says the capitalist press.

"The annual yield" is exactly how Ned Kelly might have described a year of his takings. In this case it means that British capitalists are drawing from India, Australia, and other countries nearly £140,000,000 a year. A fairly decent grab for a handful of people who don't work.

Here is the explanation for Dreadnoughts, standing armies, Australian conscription, exhortations to "fight for your king and your country," and a lot of other old things as well.

Sydney *Worker* recently printed a short article headed "Strike-breaking as a Business," but it contained no reference to Messrs. Hughes, Holman, and Co., strike-breakers by appointment to Fat and Company.

A deputation of Westralian postal workers waited on Josiah Thomas to-day, and lodged a basketful of complaints concerning working conditions, grading allowances, and pay of linesmen, telegraphists, sorters, and assistants, Sunday telephone, pay, leave, and holidays. They charged the Public Service Commissioner—the man Josiah regards as the greatest civil servant—with being willfully prejudiced, and urged that he should be superseded. Mr. Thomas said "a Cabinet minute would be sent to the public Service Commissioner, ASKING if he could see his way to alter the system of proportional grading." And then he promised them the right of appeal to the class Arbitration Court, and shunted them along to give another deputation a chance to be turned down.

A humane person named Benson wants to abolish hanging and substitute a lethal chamber, with the right of the condemned person to commit suicide if he chooses. He thinks the gallows has a debasing and degrading effect upon the public. Apparently he isn't much concerned about the effect upon the victim; but if murder by the public is to be indulged in by way of revenge for murder by the individual, do the methods employed by the murderers matter much?

Speaking in the Legislative Assembly on the appointment by Labor-member Holman of Mr. H. W. Taylor as coroner at Moss Vale, Mr. McCourt, M.L.A., said that "this was the most disgraceful and improper appointment ever made in N.S.W. It was a dirty job. The man appointed was of no character, and the appointment was made solely on the recommendation of Messrs. Mcagher and McNeill. Taylor's son had a disreputable business—a money-lending shark, who had his claws on the member for Pyrmont and forced him (McNeill) to go to Holman and recommend his father for the position. Taylor's agents were hunting McNeill to force him to pay up; they were intercepting him in the House, and he (McCourt) was asked to put them out. This was why McNeill had recommended this scrounger for the high position of coroner."

Labor-member McNeill denied that he was or had had ever been in the clutches of Taylor's son. McCourt repeated the charge, and McNeill retorted: "You're a liar if you say so!" Later on McNeill again denied the charge, and challenged McCourt to go outside the House and repeat his statements, pointing out that McCourt himself had recommended Taylor's appointment to another position. He then proceeded to charge McCourt with having dragged Parliament down by making a gambling den of the House while he was Speaker.

Either McCourt or McNeill is a most consummate liar—or they are twins. And if what McCourt says of McNeill is true, and if what McNeill says of McCourt is true, then they are a pair of astounding crooks and quite worthy to rank as members of the most outrageously corrupt Parliament that has ever disgraced the soiled records of N.S.W. history.

Frank Lundie, of Adelaide, is a member of the United Labor Party, and this is what he declared at a meeting during the carters' strike:

"He had learnt that instructions had been given by the Chief Secretary [Labor-member Wallis] that all the available police should be brought to city. ('Shame!') Was this to frighten the men into submission?"

The Liberal Party is the party that stands for political purity. And so, on polling-day day, it called out the firemen, with the fire-carts, in one N.S.W. electorate, and made them drive Liberal voters to the poll.

"South Australians are not naturally lawless," said a daily paper, deploring the strike.

What about those who went to S. Africa four or five years ago?

There was even more joy at the Sydney Trades Hall over the defeat of Peter Bowling for the C.E.F. presidency than when Billy Hughes succeeded in the blackleg job that wrecked the coal strike and landed Peter and his fellow officials in jail.

"Wages boards are a damnable abomination," said Frank Lundie at Adelaide recently.

When Labor-member Roberts likened himself to an electric light in comparison with Harry Clarke, he was probably thinking of the glare of some of those burning homesteads on the African veldt. He possibly summed Clarke up as a farthing dip because Clarke couldn't claim to have ever helped to set fire to a house.

An extract from a union secretary's speech at Adelaide during the carters' strike. It rings true: "He was still of the same opinion as the previous day in regard to allowing no drivers to work until all employers had agreed to sign the log. He would have pulverised the whole town. They were letting drivers pass who were 'scabbing' on them because they did not know them. They were only slaves, for when the employer fixed their wage he fixed the quality of their food and clothing, the kind of wife they would marry, and whether their children would be educated or ignorant."

It has been alleged in the N.S.W. Assembly that a member of the Fire Brigades Board charged railway fares while travelling on brigade business, although he had a Parliamentary pass; while another member of the Board got a private suit of clothes, and charged them up to the Brigade account as uniform. These are typical of some of the righteously-indignant gentlemen who stomp the country betimes protesting that Socialism is robbery.

F.L.C. secretary Dale came upon a little knot of employers discussing things during the recent strike. Hearing his own name used, he chipped in. They told him "it was people of the Lundie, Dale, and Pedlar type who had caused the trouble. Dale replied that they must credit himself and the others with supernatural powers. Did Lundie and Dale cause the French Revolution? He told them there would be trouble after Lundie, Dale, and Pedlar were dead. One of them replied, 'Well, we'll lock them all out, and starve them into submission.' Dale retorted that an 18-inch wall would not stand between them and starvation. He then said, 'Well, there will be a lot of dead men if anything like that occurs.' Dale replied, 'Yes, and there will be a few of yours among them.'"

Labor-member Roberts' clash with F.L.C. secretary Dale at a recent Adelaide meeting isn't a tough job than commanding chickens in Africa.

Labor-member Roberts is nothing if not egotistic. When Harry Clarke challenged him to substantiate his assertion that he had "made good" as a working-class representative, he compared himself to an electric light and Clarke to a farthing dip. Which is fairly good for a chap whose ignorance of the working-class movement permitted him to go to S. Africa to burn farms and kill women and children in the money interests of a thieving gang of international capitalists.

Labor-member Griffith is mad with Labor-member Cann (Speaker) who declared the State brick-works scheme unconstitutional, and says he'll start the enterprise without Parliament's sanction—to give the people cheap bricks.

Now, the only people the cheap bricks business will benefit will be the MASTER BUILDERS.

Mr. Griffith thought the Killingworth miners' action in asking for the expenditure of some money on local public works to help them over Christmas should be reprobated. But he is willing to defy Parliament itself in order to help along a section of the master class.

The Prime Minister of South Africa has announced that the Natal poll tax on natives will continue, but the poll tax on Europeans will be repealed.

The Natal poll tax is an iniquitous capitalist scheme for compelling the black man to enter the ranks of the wage-workers; and the iniquity of it is now being perpetrated by the class Government which had Andrew Fisher for guest quite recently, and which was congratulated by the Australian "Labor leader" on its accession to office.

John D. Rockefeller is still paying out conscience money—this time it's £2,000,000 to the Chicago University. But there's an awful lot of red blood on it.



## To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. Therefore short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor."

Every contribution must bear the writer's name—not necessarily for publication.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy; and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

### Committee and General Meetings.

THE following meetings will be held at 274 Pitt-st., Sydney, during the forthcoming week:—  
Thursday, 7.—S.F.A. Administrative Council.  
Thursday, 8.—Economic Class.  
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Club Executive.  
Monday, 8.30 p.m.—Joint Executives.  
Monday, 9.15 p.m.—Party Executive.

## A Red Mark

through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE, and must be renewed within ten days from date of this issue if you wish the paper to continue. If your Subscription is not renewed within the time stated, the Executive will take it as an intimation that you wish to have the paper discontinued.

Yours is the power of club and jail, yours is the axe and fire.  
But ours is the hope of human hearts and the strength of the soul's desire!

## The Study of Nature.

BY W.R.W.

THE STATE GOVERNOR recently advised country teachers to study nature. The study of nature, he said, was an antidote to boredom, and those whose lives were passed in the back country, far away from amusements and interests of towns and cities, would find in nature-study much that was of supreme and lasting interest.

There is some truth in this, and—provided that the study of nature is not limited to the narrow groove indicated by his lordship—some interest and utility.

A broad study of nature leads up to some immense heights of human folly, as well as to the depths of some of the hidden problems of life. The study of insects, birds, and, indeed, all life, reveals some curious facts, many of which are fatal to the social inequalities by which kings and their deputies exist; and it is certain that those teachers who accept the governor's advice will not be long before they are face to face with facts which will upset many of their present ideas, and make them discontented and dissatisfied with present conditions.

Let any teacher take the common red ant of the Australian bush, and study its ways, and contrast its methods and faculties with those of human beings, and he or she will see some things which will be calculated to startle the observer.

The ant, like man, is a dweller in society. He builds immense cities of many thousands of inhabitants, but in his cities there are no loafers, either rich or poor, no unemployed, no waste. The social instinct is highly developed in the ant, so highly that he seems to need no overseers, no bosses, no rewards or punishments to make him work, but is eager and willing to add to the common stock without ever asking where he individually is to benefit. He is willing at any moment to sell his life in defence of his city, and no matter how big or numerous the enemy, he shows no fear, but will rush to the attack. But, though the ant is a pugnacious warrior, it is impossible to make two of the same city fight. They have no idea of engaging in civil war, but each

has a full knowledge of the principles of first-aid in case of serious injury. An ant is always a good Samaritan, and it is curious to watch one who finds a fellow injured. He will straighten the injured one's back and limbs, stroke him here and there, stand him up on his feet, and urge him to walk, and if he is too far gone, will pick him up and carry him home.

After considering the ways of the ant, the student will naturally contrast his cities with those of mankind, where rich loafers enjoy the good things of life produced by their poorer brethren, who haven't the sense to prevent the robbery; where civil war, devastation, and waste of many kinds are permitted and encouraged; where every man's hand is against his fellows, and the good Samaritan is regarded as a fool; where bosses, wages, rewards and punishments are thought to be the foundations of society; and where the halt, the lame, and the blind may take their places with the insane amongst the whitened tombs, for aught the well-to-do care. He or she will notice that in human society kings are blindly worshipped and carefully fed with every luxury; that surrounding them is a curious court party, clad in the finest raiment, and richly perfumed, who are proud that neither they nor their ancestors, for many generations, had ever soiled their hands with any honest work. The student will contrast such with the queen mother of the ants, who fulfils her useful functions without such frill and insanity.

Much that is true of the ant is also true of the bee and other insects, but their natural history is too well-known to need description here. It is sufficient to say that their study will well repay the time so spent; and that we, who have had our eyes opened, will be glad to see the teachers studying insect life, and glad to point out the broad issues to which such studies lead.

After our school-teachers have mastered some of the main facts of the life's history of insects, perhaps they may direct their studies to the animals around them. The domestic dog, the cat, the barn-yard fowl, the horse, the milk cow, and the sheep, are all of great interest to man. Any one of such animals, if studied, will lead the student unerringly to the mighty truths of evolution, and away from the dogmas of superstition and folly. All the above animals, and man himself, bear witness in all their vital organs of their common origin.

There are foolish people who point to the ape, and ask other foolish, half-educated people, how they like to trace their ancestry back to him, as though the human race went no further back; but the ape had his line of ancestors, and they can be fairly well traced to the same point as those of man and all other animals. The facts of geology are now generally accepted, and they show that all life was of marine origin. Fishes of the higher kinds, through ages of evolution, came from the simplest forms of water life, and from fishes were evolved reptiles, birds, and the higher mammals, including man. In the embryonic state, all the higher animals have similar characteristics. At their commencement they resemble the lowest and simplest forms of marine life and later they resemble reptiles, and later still, the higher mammals. This is proof positive of their common origin, so that man may trace his origin much further back than the ape, whose origin in turn can be traced back to the lowest forms of marine life. The human being thus comes through the same evolutionary processes as the lower animals, and all bear evidence of the different stages through which they have come through long geological periods.

If this is true, the school-teacher has a wide field opened up for study. Taking the study of man, and comparing him with the lower animals,

he will note points of resemblance. Apart from the similarity of the senses, sight, taste, smell, hearing, feeling, he may see some psychological points of resemblance which will surprise him. And if he is one who has been brought up in the church they will startle and confound him.

We will take the dog as one of the higher animals. The domestic dog came from the wild species, and through long ages has been tamed and domesticated by man. The wild dog's main instinct was to kill, and such wild dogs, as the Australian dingo, the fox, and the wolf, still have the destructive instinct predominant, as we all know. A dingo will continue to kill sheep long after his physical thirst for blood has been quenched. He seems to kill blindly and insanely, with no other object than just to kill. The fox will do the same amongst a flock of turkeys or other fowls. Yet from the wild dog man has evolved some types which will not kill and cannot be induced to do so. He has other types or breeds which he has allowed to retain the old lust for slaughter. The fox-terrier, the fox-hound, grey-hound, and other breeds are of this type. The fox-terrier will kill rats, seemingly just for the joy of killing; other breeds have the same instinct. But the lust for killing is strongest in the wild variety, the progenitor.

At first sight there does not seem much resemblance between man and the dog, but there are facts connected with the life of both which indicate their common origin. In the embryonic state, at some periods, they cannot be distinguished from each other, and after birth they have important points of resemblance.

The wild dog and the savage man are both hunters, and in them we see what the progenitors of the domestic dog and civilised man were like. Both the progenitors of present-day dogs and men had one thing in common—the instinct to hunt and prey on other animals. In the case of the dog no one will question this statement, but with regard to man some nature-students may object, and hold to the theological belief that man was originally created perfect but fell and degenerated.

Leaving savage and uncivilised man out of the question, and considering only present-day civilised man, the primal instinct can be traced in his daily life. He has no need to hunt animals for food, for he has learned to breed and rear them for the slaughter-house. But the old hunting instinct shows out in other directions. The grocer, butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, hunt for customers, for business, and profit. Their customers are their prey, from whom they wrest their profits. So with the doctor, lawyer, barrister, and other professional men. The stock-jobber on 'Change is a born hunter, with the old instinct strong in him. Even the clergyman has to hunt hard nowadays for the stray lambs.

The poet, artist, and journalist are all impelled by the same ancient force; and so are those who pride themselves on their commercial ability, and their capacity for large undertakings. And here I would like to revert for a moment to a previous statement regarding the destructiveness of the wild dog, the fox, and the wolf. These will continue to kill long after they have more than they can ever consume. They kill out of an insane lust for killing. Compare this insane lust in the wild dog, with the lust of wealth of a rich man who continues to hunt and fight for wealth long after he has more than he and his family can ever use. He could retire and spend the rest of his days in comfort, but for the insane lust which impels him to hunt for more. All his faculties have long since been dominated by the primal instinct, and he has reverted to the savage. Such men lose sight of social obligations, the

rights of others, their sufferings, their difficulties in their efforts to obtain a living, and their legally-increased mortality. It is nothing to them that their sailors go to sea in coffin ships, that their mines explode through lack of proper ventilation, that their factories are foul sweatshops, and that their slums are fatal to fifty per cent. of child life. Such things are nothing to them, for they are degenerate as surely as the murderer is a degenerate. The direct murderer is cursed with the instincts of his savage ancestors. He is a variation of nature in a backward direction; a reversal to the animal type. The indirect murderer, who slays his victims by stealing their produce, or by cheating them out of the just reward of their labor, is also a degenerate, a reversal, and a backward variation of nature.

Gilbert's cannibal sailor, who had eaten his shipmates when shipwrecked, sang:—

Oh! I am a cook and a captain bold,  
And the mate of the Nancy brig.  
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,  
And the crew of the captain's gig.

He had eaten them all, and so claimed to be the whole crew in one man. But, in spite of his gruesome boast, some of our modern wealthy men might beat him, for they could sing:—

Oh! I am the men of some merchant fleets,  
And a number of factory hands,  
And a host that dwell in my deadly streets,  
And the many who till my lands.

For in the making of a modern financial maniac many must be robbed, destroyed, and as surely devoured as were the shipwrecked crew.

By all means let the country teachers take to nature-study, for by a study of nature they will arrive at scientific truth. They will have their eyes opened to the unnatural and frightful inequalities and injustices amongst mankind, which allow the madly unscrupulous, the idle and yet wealthy, and the degenerate and warped, to control and rule and destroy the rest. They will meet problems which will startle them; and they will, as their studies increase, become dissatisfied with present conditions, and indignant with those who would maintain them. The teachers will find that all their studies lead to the one question of Revolutionary Socialism. They will leave the old parties and illusions behind them, and they will be happier in their new wisdom, knowing that

All her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

Queensland A.W.U. notifies that the following booklets are to hand and may be obtained from the secretary, viz.: Revolutionary Unionism, Industrial Unionism, Class Unionism, Craft Unionism, Unity and Victory, by Eugene V. Debs, and Industrial Unionism, by W. E. Trautmann.

That's the way to do propaganda for Socialism—for every pamphlet and leaflet on Industrial Unionism is a shot fired for the Social Revolution.

A glaring incident, illustrating the pitiable wreck that was made of the Adelaide drivers' strike, is the case of James Andrews, victimised by the Parcels Express Co. His case was arbitrated on by the Rev. H. Howard, who gave his decision in favor of the employer because the employer told him he really meant to discharge Andrews before the strike took place.

The London Times declares that as a counter-blast to the Eight Hours' Act, speeding up has been introduced into the collieries, leading to the dismissal of the older and slower miners and their replacement by younger and more careless "hands."

This to lift the suspicion of murder from the owners, whose desire for larger profits was responsible for the gas being allowed to accumulate in the Pretoria pit, Bolton, involving a massacre of nearly 350 men.



## Mount Morgan.

BY F. J. RILEY.

(Continued.)

IMAGINE, if possible, great furnaces, each pouring a continuous stream of molten metal into a huge reservoir. Each reservoir has two vents; one (the top one) runs off the slag in slag pots that are drawn by horses out on to the dump. The other vent (which is the lowest) runs off at regular intervals the copper matte into great iron ladles about 5 feet high and 5 feet across. Is it possible for you to imagine one of these furnaces "blowing out" (they do this often) and to watch the faithful wage slaves at the risk of life and limb run up into the very pathway of the break-away stream of molten metal and with the aid of iron bars with clay affixed to the end plug up the hole made by the breakaway.

To see these men turning slag pots, hooking crane chains, tapping furnaces, etc., is a revelation; and yet they do all this hazardous labor for the princely sum of 8s 6d and 9s per shift.

In the smelters there is a continuous smell of burning sulphur, and the moment anyone who is not accustomed to the smell gets anywhere near it, he is attacked with a violent fit of sneezing. These sulphur fumes get on the lungs, and in a very short time men are physical wrecks.

After the copper matte has been run into the iron receptacle, it is taken and poured out into iron moulds, which are about 50ft. long, 5ft. across, and 6 inches deep. There are some eleven of these beds, and when the furnaces are running fair the whole of them are in continuous use. So economically are things worked that these beds are not given time to naturally cool down, but the hose is turned on them whilst they are in a molten state; clouds of steam are the result of this action, and before the water has had proper time to do its work, the men set to work to break up these beds of metal, and others follow behind them and shovel it into hand trucks.

Imagine, if possible, a great bed of white-hot metal a few feet at the back of you, and in the front a half-cooled bed of metal from which is rising great clouds of steam and sulphur, and between these two beds men working, filling, with aid of shovels, metal that if touched with the naked hand would take the skin off; add to this that this work is done with no shelter to cover the men, and when it is realised that Mt. Morgan is right on the line of Capricorn, some of the conditions these satisfied wage-slaves have to toil under will be understood.

After the metal has been filled into the hand trucks, it has to be pulled by two men to a lift. This matte work is of a most distressing nature, and only men of the finest physique are required, and, as in other departments, as soon as a man begins to lag he is "fired," and a new "hand" is given his place.

Some of the molten metal is not poured out in the beds, but is taken in its molten state to the converter to be further refined, and here are to be seen some of the finest engineering feats of man; tons of metal are poured in or poured out as the case may be, with an ease that is hard to conceive. Yet here the men have to work with the intense heat playing on them the whole of the time. The eyes get affected with the constant glare of the hot metal. After a certain period of fluxing in the converters the mineral is poured off into moulds; during this operation the sulphur fumes are cruel. When the copper is taken from the moulds it has its rough edges chipped off it and all scales brushed off, and although this job looks tolerably easy, the little pieces of copper that fly off these blocks during the cleaning operation causes what is known as the "copper itch," and the men who have to do this work are covered with this irritating itch.

When a converter burns out men have to pick and shovel the clay packing out; there is such a constant rush for these converters that it is very rare they are allowed to cool down, and as soon as it is possible men are set to work to clean them out so that they are ready for re-packing. The dust and sulphur fumes are so deadly at this work that men have to wear respirators to protect their noses and mouths.

What is known as the top floor is the worst place that I have ever seen men asked to work in. It is utterly impossible to describe it. Men are working constantly in sulphur fumes so dense that it is impossible to discern one from the other at a very short dis-

tance; coupled with this is the fact that they are charging furnaces that throw off a terrific heat. I have seen men coughing and sneezing until from sheer exhaustion they have had to leave their trucks and go and have a spell, only to come back and be re-attacked. Men cannot last long at this work. Nature revolts at such vile abuse of the human system. Nature revolts against a job where there is no specified crib time (meal time), where it is necessary for men to rush and tear to get the furnaces charged so that they may have a few minutes' respite to snatch a mouthful to eat; yet why do men require anything to eat or drink at this job, as everything you put in your mouth tastes of sulphur, sulphur, sulphur. When you go to sleep the sulphur taste is in your mouth, and the same when you get up. There is no evading it.

On the bottom floor the metal is carried to the different parts of the smelters by electric cranes which are worked by boys; these boys have to manipulate handles that send the crane backwards and forwards, to and fro, besides lifting and lowering two blocks and tackling each up and down, or perhaps one up and the other down. They are perched above the pots of molten metal and have to sit there whilst the pots are being tipped, and are in the sulphur fumes the whole of the shift. For this work these boys receive the princely sum of 6s per shift.

The men that tip the molten slag out of the pots have to toil under wretched conditions. No matter if it is raining torrents or the sun is beating down with all its fierceness these men have to keep going. So many accidents have happened at this work that it is compulsory that a leather belt affixed to a wire rope must be worn around the waist; thus if a worker happens to slip he will not fall 50 or 60 feet to the bottom of the dump, but will only dangle down some 6 or 7 feet among the molten slag, tipped from the previous pots.

Yet, in spite of these facts, the papers boast that the workers here are the freest body of men in the world. But the worker has not that keenness of humor to see what a huge joke is being perpetrated on him. He cannot see that these papers are in the direct pay of the class that are inflicting these industrial hardships on him, and that if he wishes to change the conditions under which he is toiling he will have to utterly disregard the plaintive wail of church, press, and politician, because these people know of his suffering but dare not raise a hand. It is only you—you of the working class—that can alter these damnable conditions. To do this it will be necessary to organise the whole of the workers of Mt. Morgan on an industrial basis, not a craft basis, as some are proposing. The interests of every worker must be the concern of the whole of the workers; without this spirit the organising of labor will only result in Dead Sea fruit.

## How to Make Socialists.

Our readers may sometimes do good service when articles appear in THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST of special interest to particular sections of society, by purchasing a few extra copies and posting them to persons directly interested. Articles are frequently appearing which affect some particular section, and it would make a mighty difference in a short time if each section affected had its interest aroused and quickened in this way. At present much of our effort does not tell to the extent it might, but in the way suggested everyone might help in making Socialists.

The silliest, stupidest old lie ever circulated for sensation-mongering purposes and to awaken an immoral jingoism was the fake about a plot to dynamite King Billy of the Barwon's fellow-monarch, George. The yarn was evidently fabricated to divert attention from the Bolton and other massacres on the industrial field; but it was altogether too feeble a lie.

In saying farewell to the principal officers of the police force, Inspector-General Garvin told them:—"Endeavor at all times to see that the maintenance of law and order is paramount, and that such is strongly and efficiently enforced—as you are aware I have at all times endeavored to do—and you will secure the respect and goodwill of the law-abiding community throughout the whole State."

"Maintenance of law and order" means the protection of the stolen property held by the exploiters.

"Law-abiding community" means the Darlings and Delprats and other economic bushrangers.

Altogether Garvin's pronouncement reads to this paper like a somewhat startling confession.

## Reflections on Yuletide.

BY AJAX.

WHETHER the legend of Christ is founded on fact or fable is immaterial. One thing is certain. Pulpit-pounders in all ages and climes have taken advantage of the fact that mankind throughout the dark ages of slavery and misery has stumbled blindly towards the goal of human freedom buoyed up with the hope that a redeemer would arise and usher in the day of universal happiness.

Whenever any radical economist has come to fulfil the churchmen's prophecy, they have always been the first to denounce him as a dreamer; yet they assiduously preach the dream of a Saviour, well knowing no individual can bring the masses out of bondage. Thus the seed of superstition is sown, and we find that after centuries of dismal failure on the part of orthodox Christianity, the old-time platitudes are prated and the poor exhorted to take their sorrows to the Lord in prayer.

The ancient superstitions and customs connected with Christmas (including the star that shone over the manger at Bethlehem) are vanishing, and Yuletide has become a business rather than a religious function.

Numerous indigestible edibles and presents find a ready market just the same as they did over two thousand years ago when December 25 was the feast of Pagan gods. In those days slaves fought in the arena on each festive occasion for the amusement of their betters. Nowadays the princes of commerce find it better policy to turn the "hands" out to grass with the horses, so that after this spell of rest they can come back to work more effectively for their masters' profit and amusement.

In order that this Christian ceremony may have its toll of blood (it seems that we must have a bloody sacrifice of some sort), it is essential that millions of game and birds must be slaughtered. It is absolutely necessary that geese must be eaten. The goose was formerly believed to be possessed by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. Therefore, it is in keeping with the superstitious festivities that good Christians make themselves confoundedly sick gorging this blessed bird. It gives the doctors a chance to live, anyhow, and it's all good for business.

Another hypocritical piece of Twentieth Century Christian civilisation manifests itself at this season.

I refer to the number of charity organisations, who, with great ostentation and possibly the best of intentions, distribute Christmas puddings to Sydney paupers.

In an age when, under scientific control, nature can be made to yield a superabundance of the good things of life, capitalistic Christianity doles out to the poor, in the shape of filthy charity, Christmas food. The dinners represent the glad tidings of great joy, for which the paupers are expected to be truly thankful.

Truly, charity covers a multitude of sins. Santa Claus arrived this year by aeroplane, but, instead of peace and goodwill to all men, he brought two toys for the jubilation of Australian slobbery.

How nice and murderous our fleet looks! The Labor Party has also presented the workers with a nice New Year's gift, which is in perfect harmony with this peaceful season. They call this toy the Citizen Defence Force.

Yet these gracious "gifts" are only lent to Young Australia. These are the king's forces. It is true the workers pay dearly for them, and the king doesn't.

If any mad Socialist says this is not fair, I would remind him that the people are satisfied with the national debt—that's theirs. The liquidation of the national debt is exclusively the people's monopoly. Thus the law of compensation acts beneficially, only discontented people can't see it.

This Christmas brings news of railway and mining disasters, civil war in Mexico, strikes, social unrest, misery and poverty amongst the working class all over the world. Even the *Smug S'morals* heads its cables "Black Christmas." Probably before this gets into print that respectable tory paper will have New Year leakers to the effect that the past year has been most prosperous and everyone is now happy and contented—especially the paupers on whom were bestowed those Charity puddings. Of course, a few mistakes have been made. One or two unionists were let out of jail too soon, while the Cardinal condescended to call Fat's oracle a pig, and No License, the Bush Nursing Scheme, Chas. G. Wade, and other stupendous issues the *Herald* was greatly interested in, fell flat.

When we analyse all this bible-banging, bell-ringing, goose-gormandising, charity-mongering, hidebound hypocrisy and smug satisfaction, we cannot ignore the fact that "peace and goodwill" is a ghastly mockery.

The people are faced with the fact that another year of toil, want, and woe stares them in the face. All the dreams of political and religious saviours are illusions. The redemption of the people lies in themselves. Once they realise this the superstitions of Yuletide will become an echo of a dismal past, and the world will reach out for the new era of economic salvation.

## Slave Sale at the Barrier.

ON Tuesday of this week a very large crowd assembled at the Skating Rink to hear the final decision of the mine managers.

Again the employers emphatically refused to consent to a decrease in the hours. Robinson, the president, told the miners they must finalise matters that day and either reject or accept the terms offered.

One of the reactionary element moved for a referendum, saying it was the highest authority they could appeal to. This individual didn't have the nerve to move straight out to accept the mine managers' offer, but cried for a referendum, knowing that if it goes to a secret ballot the weak-minded and ignorant section of the unionists of the Barrier will be easily manipulated by the Labor crowd to roll up and vote to sell themselves to the mine managers for 4½ years.

The "Reds" present, seeing this, moved an amendment: "That we cease work in twenty-four hours."

A long discussion eventuated, go-slow laborites wailing and pleading that the time wasn't opportune—it would mean starvation.

The "Reds" reminded them that they had an alleged working-class party in power, and on their platform is a six hours' day, and seeing that such a Government is in power, standing for "Labor," now was the time to strike a blow for freedom.

But the proposal was turned down by the Labor Party element, who stand to block any militant action on the part of the working-class.

One chap opposed the strike vigorously. He was fighting for his own interests; he is lacking for one of the mines, and is engaged as a shift boss.

It is rather remarkable that, although about six months ago all bosses were ordered to withdraw from the unions or resign their positions, the majority of them immediately complying, this individual is a boss and still takes an active part in union matters. He actually sat on the conference with the mine managers recently. I leave readers to draw their own conclusions.

Speaker after speaker opposed the strike resolution, and the crowd being chloroformed by these so-called "leaders," it was defeated by an overwhelming majority, and the referendum carried.

The question that is to be submitted to the referendum is: "Are you in favor of accepting the offer of the mining and treatment companies?"

Now, just look at their offer. They have increased the wages of laborers from 8s 7½d to 9s 6d. In no way have they bettered the conditions of the miners; and for this concession they want a 4½ years agreement. The unfortunate Labor-led crowd will rush into the lion's mouth, and sell their manhood for 4½ years. Think of it! Leg-ironed for 4½ years.

During the previous twelve months several grievances have been brought under the notice of the A.M.A. What have been the consequences? The secretary interviewed the managers concerned. They smiled and told Mr. Barnett that they were sorry for "this and that," but, you know, we have an agreement for two years. Now they will have the same plea for 4½ years.

The mine managers will come out on the winning side; they will cut the contractors underground, put the wages men on contract, cut down the surface "hands," and make the wages men work harder—which they are doing at the present time at the Junction North. And anyone daring to protest against intolerable conditions will be informed by his master that his services are no longer required. They will be able to play the game of victimisation, knowing that the one-time militant A.M.A. is now too positively reactionary to interfere.

There is no need for me to forecast the result of the ballot. The crowd of to-day is gulled by the misleaders and betrayers of working-class principles, and will be fooled into sacrificing their manhood and every ounce of principle for the masters' 4½ years. In those 4½ years many a wage-slave will be crucified on the cross of plunder, through the speeding-up system, for the mad rush for profits; many will be victimised, and they and their families starved out of the Barrier. If they ask for the assistance of the unions they will be politely told that they have an agreement for 4½ years.

A Labor member once said that the Labor Party was for sale to the highest bidder; and to-day Unionism on the Barrier stands sold to the highest bidder!—31.12.10

[The ballot resulted in the acceptance of the owners' terms by an overwhelming majority.—Ed.]

## Answers to Correspondents.

ANARCHIST.—Thanks; but please enclose name in future—not for publication, of course.

A.W.G.M., Sydney.—Will procure magazines and print if possible.

W.E.G.; E.C.A.; G.H.T., Adamstown; H.B., Mt. Morgan.—Received. Thanks.



## The Bible in Queensland Schools.

BY F.J.R.

APRIL 13th last the Federal elections took place; on the same day in Queensland a referendum was taken to decide whether Bible lessons should be given in the State schools.

The churches put forward every effort to get the Bible introduced into the schools; every means, fair or foul, was used to gain their ends.

Whilst the churches were working in this manner, the politicians, with the exception of a very few, were as silent as the tomb on the subject, fearing that if they did uphold their platform (which distinctly pledges them to secular education) they would lose votes.

When the Bible in State Schools Bill was before the House, two parliamentary Labor members ratted from the platform and voted with the reactionaries.

Some workers fully realise that the most severe blow that has ever been aimed at the educational system has been successfully delivered, and the work and suffering of the fighters of days gone by for secular education has been smashed to the ground.

Yet, so far, no organised protest has been started: no public meetings have been held for the purpose of shaping means whereby the education system shall be kept free from sectarian strife.

The politicians have done nothing but make a few gaseous outbursts in the House of talk. This was of no avail, and they knew it.

Is it not time that the workers fairly and squarely took a hand in this matter, and stamped out this sectarian serpent that will be used for disintegration purposes when future working-class action is necessary.

What can we do? ask many workers. We have voted; it is impossible to do anything further.

What would the consequence be if the Queensland workers determined not to send their children to school whilst this Act is in operation? Would not the whole educational system soon be in such a state of disorganisation that it would be impossible to carry on?

This seems to me to be the only way that the workers can make an effective protest against having foisted on them something they do not require.

Even if the children do not receive Bible lessons, they will, as the Act stands, lose some 30 or 40 hours a year of educational training.

### Propaganda Fixtures.

DOMAIX.—Hirst (chair), Mrs. Harris, Riley, Holland, Wilson.  
GOULBURN-STREET.—Hirst (chair), Riley, Feldhusen.  
MARTIN PLACE.—Slade (chair), Rutherford, Wilson.  
PRINCE ALFRED PARK.—Harris (chair), Slade, Rutherford.

In Victoria they have a floating hell called a training ship—someone with a keen sense of the fitness of things called it John Murray. The other day seven boy-prisoners endeavored to escape from the horror, but were quickly captured. In front of all the other lads, whom it was desired to terrorise, the captured lads were brutally flogged with a heavy strap, and were then ordered to be placed on a bread-and-water diet for a week, and to be afterwards held in close confinement for periods ranging from two to four months. They were dragooned into consenting to the brutality of this sort of punishment with threats of a prosecution in the criminal courts for stealing the launch in which they endeavored to win their way to freedom.

An error crept into an article, in our issue of Dec. 17, headed "Organise, Sugar Workers!" Paragraph 5 should have read: "The wages with rations ran from 12s 6d to 2s per week."

Tommy Hoy, a Chinaman, awaiting trial at Albury, hanged himself in the local jail, because he reckoned he wasn't strong enough to endure jail life if convicted.

J. Fitzgerald, jockey, had his left thigh fractured at North Botany, through a horse he was exercising rearing and falling on him.

## Capitalism's Trail of Blood.

For if blood be the price of all your wealth,  
Good God! we have paid it in full!

It is now believed that the Hawes railway disaster was responsible for 13 deaths.

Five men were killed and 50 injured by an explosion in a slag pile at the smelting company's property, at El Paso (Texas).

Three workmen, Stapleford, Smith, and Savage, were killed outright, and two others injured, by a fall of gravel at a pit near Moree.

Witnesses at the Bolton disaster inquiry have testified that relatives and friends who were lost in the explosion told them that there was gas in the mine. It is believed that the explosion took place close to the electrical coal-cutting machine.

Michael Maher, carter, was thrown under a horse attached to a lorry in Pyrmont, and received injuries to the face and body.

Peter Nolan, employed as a mail-driver, was killed near Nyngan last week. His horse bolted, and he was caught between the brake and wheel and dragged along till the buggy collided with a tree.

M. Maxwell, jockey, was seriously injured in a fall at Carrick (Tas.) races. He died in the hospital.

John Temby, late manager of the Temby Syndicate on the Tanami goldfield, W.A., cut his throat with a pocket-knife, while out in the bush. Death was speedy.

Gordon Foster, 60 years of age, drowned himself in Sydney Harbor.

The Victorian Statist has found that of the adult males who died from phthisis in the past six months, 22 per cent were miners. It is the deadliest industry in Victoria, and claims three times more victims than any other. Not only that, but the deeper the mine, the viler the air, the poorer the pay.

As the result of a boiler explosion at an ice plant in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, 16 persons have been killed.

The death-roll at the Pretoria pit, Bolton, has been fixed at 344.

Two employees of the Railway Department were killed in a collision between a train and a trieycle at Breadalbane, near Goulburn.

Tram-conductor A. B. Ryan was severely crushed between two tram cars at Manly.

Patrick Fanning, fletcher, who was knocked down by an engine at the Central Railway Station on December 24, died in Sydney Hospital.

Harry McPherson, a little lad of 11 years, was playing in Illawarra-road, Sutherland, when he was run over by a motor-car, owned by lawyer Abigail, and killed.

A miner, Patrick Kennedy, was killed by an explosion at Meekatharra, Westralia.

A party of seven men was affected by black damp in the Wallend Propy. Mine, Collie (W.A.), while on a visit of inspection. Two of the party were able to help the other five from the danger zone, but O. Baird, underground boss, and G. Hann, his deputy, subsequently died.

W. Pratt, railway fireman, was watering the tender of an engine at Offord when the chain of the water-pipe broke, knocking him to the permanent way. He was injured about the head, face, and shoulder.

William Hamilton, boundary rider at Emudilla Station, Q., was found dead, with his throat cut.

Frank Fischer, miner, was crushed to death by a fall of coal in the Park Head colliery, Bundamba, Q.

Four sailors were swept overboard from the ship Hongmont, from Sydney to Belfast, and drowned.

Alex. Gordon was seriously injured by an explosion at some road excavations at Rose Bay.

W. Baldwin, carter, was thrown from his cart and had his neck broken at Castlemaine, Vic.

An old-age pensioner of 72 years, Alex. Dodd, was found dead at his camp on East Maitland reserve.

J. C. Saxon was shot dead at Bordertown, S.A., rifle range.

Three persons were killed and 19 injured by an explosion of compressed air at the Ijora Admiralty works, Russia.

Five men were killed and others injured in an explosion in a celluloid factory at Kolheim, Lower Germany.

Sibbritts, jockey, was thrown and had his leg broken through his saddle slipping while exercising a racehorse at Perth.

Chas. Thompson, jockey, had his leg broken between the knee and the ankle while exercising a horse on Canterbury racecourse.

John Everett, farmer, suicided at a farm in the Ballarat district.

A girl of 12 years, named Tyson, fell from a load of hay at Karyrie, Vic., and the wheels passing over her head crushed it beyond recognition. Death was instantaneous.

A young man named Duff blew his brains out with a revolver at Hobart.

## Adelaide's Broken Strike.

BY H.S.C.

THE drivers' strike is over. It was a splendid demonstration of how NOT to run a strike, as it began with incompetency and ended with disaster. From the first day of the strike until the last it was one series of blunders. First, those employers who signed the log were allowed to continue to work, and this, with the system of permits, led to endless confusion. The taking of the ballot, allowing Labor politicians to talk compromise, and finally recommending the men to accept the Industrial Appeal Court and to return to work, were all blunders. The result was inevitable when the politicians were allowed to take part in the management of the fight, as all previous industrial troubles prove that once the opportunist politician is given a chance the men are inevitably beaten.

The drivers' strike also proved—as all industrial troubles prove—the need for industrial unionism on class lines. Even the Government paper, the *Daily Herald*, admitted in a leading article the day after the close of the fight that the greatest lesson to be learned from the struggle was the need for closer industrial organisation; and when a purely political paper like the *Herald* admits that much, it shows that the lesson was to be plainly read.

As, usual, under sectional unionism, organised scabbery was rife. Members of the drivers' executive waited on the men at the railway station with a request that they would refuse to handle the scab goods. The secretary of the union to which the men belonged attended, and urged the men to continue work until their rules were complied with and a ballot was taken—which, he stated, would only take a fortnight. In spite of the efforts of their secretary, ten of the men refused to scab; and owing to the efforts of the president of the U.L.U. these men were reinstated at the close of the fight.

On Sunday, J. Gunn (the president of the drivers' union), when speaking from the Labor platform, stated that if there was one individual to blame for the loss of the fight, it was the Chief Secretary, F. S. Wallis, whom he charged with being a traitor to his class.

Many of the men say that the secret of the collapse of the strike was the fact that the Labor Government had used the bluff to the drivers' executive that if the strike was not finished the Government would have to resign; and so once more has the professional politician triumphed at the expense of the worker.

It is stated that after the speeches delivered from the vestibule of the Trades Hall on the Monday night at which the Government was criticised, the executive of the drivers received a communication from the Trades Hall management committee intimating that certain speakers must not be allowed on the platform again.—26.12.10.

## The Press Fund.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	58	18	5
Per Aug. Gaumn (Book 50)—J. Pohl Is, Gerni Is, A. Loos Is, H.M. 2s	0	5	0
Per O. Jorgensen (Book 48)—H.D. Is, Joseph Fredericks 2s	0	3	0
Ben Tracey	0	5	6
	£59	9	11
Advanced as Loans			
Already acknowledged	6	0	0
Total	65	9	11

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

A Christmas-week cable announces that Japan has sold 60,000 stands of arms and 6,000,000 cartridges, captured at Port Arthur, to an Abyssinian agent. Peace on Earth and Goodwill!

Sydney Jewellers' Union claimed a week's holiday per year on full pay, and the Wages Board chairman, T. E. Spencer, flopped down on the demand and banged it out with a series of dull, sickening thuds. He quoted Judge Heydon, who had said that "an employer would have an equal right to demand that workmen should work an additional week each year for nothing as employees had to demand an annual holiday on full pay."

This incident reveals the class-consciousness of Spencer and Heydon. We are not prepared to charge either of them with being so insufferably stupid and economically ignorant as not to know that every man who works 52 weeks in the year works FULLY 85 WEEKS FOR THE EMPLOYER FOR NOTHING.

## S.F.A. News & Notes.

### South Australia.

THE Party's propaganda work still goes merrily on, and the success of it is proved by the large attendance at our meetings and the interest taken, as well as the accession of new members to our ranks.

On Sunday, Dec. 18, Comrade Wallace delivered an instructive and interesting address on "Capitalism, Christianity, and the Worker."

On Christmas night, Comrade Clarke delivered a seasonable address on "Peace on earth and goodwill to men." The discussion after the addresses was spirited and manifested the deep interest taken by the audience in the addresses.

Addresses are delivered in the Socialist Hall, Wakefield street, every Sunday night at 7.30, and we extend a hearty invitation to all to attend and spend a couple of profitable and enjoyable hours.—26.12.10.

### Broken Hill.

On Saturday last, Comrade Giffney, one time chairman of Barrier Socialist Group, arrived by train and stayed with us for a few days. He was welcomed at a social given by the party on Saturday evening—a very enthusiastic gathering, at which Socialist songs were rendered, and several toasts, including "Our Guest," and "The S.F.A.," were honored with great enthusiasm. Comrade Giffney left on Wednesday with his brother Fred for Tanunda.

On Christmas night Comrade Carrack, a talented member of the Branch, left for Riverton. We hope to hear that during our comrade's sojourn there that the seed of Socialism has been sown amongst the small farmers. It will teach them that they are also exploited by capitalism.—31.12.10.

### Sydney Jottings.

On Sunday there was another large gathering in the Domain. Fine speeches were delivered by Hirst (chair), Riley, Rutherford, Mrs. Harris, and Holland.

In the evening a good number attended the meeting in Martin Place. The speakers were Denford, Rutherford, and Feldhusen.

At Goulburn-street a police-officer who gave his name as Sub-inspector Orr peremptorily ordered the meeting to close. He adopted a most offensive attitude, and bombastically refused to give any reason for his action. There were not more than two dozen people present at the time, so that the "interference-with-the-traffic" plea won't hold good this time. The night before (Saturday) and the night following (Monday), the Salvation Army held large meetings at the same spot without police interference, although the traffic was quite heavy on those nights. Socialists recognised that the scandalous partisanship displayed by the police in the manner in which they suppress Socialist meetings, while allowing the religious bodies to practically take control of the streets, has got to be met and fought. A deputation will wait on the Chief Secretary, who is the head of the police department; and failing a discontinuance of the present disgraceful suppression policy, N.S.W. may have a chance of witnessing the Labor Government throwing men and women into jail in an effort to crush out freedom of speech.

Members are reminded that the Party's annual meeting takes place next Tuesday evening.

On New Year's Eve a very pleasant gathering took place at the Club rooms, when a large number of members and friends danced and sang the old year out. Ben Tracey gave his services voluntarily as pianist, and everybody was sorry when it was time to go home.

Socialist visitors to headquarters during the holidays included A. Unsen and Palmer, on the way from Brisbane to Adelaide, and J. Flannery, who has left Boggabri and is travelling to Bullfinch.

The advocates of Organised Scabbery over Adelaide way are fearfully worried over the class-consciousness of the S.A. proletariat, and consequently every budding blackleg hastens to arise with a curse on his tongue for the propagandists of the revolutionary idea. Under these circumstances it was not surprising that Councillor W. Wood (whose name seems to fit in most appropriately with his mentality) should feel constrained to move at a meeting of the committee of the Hindmarsh branch of the United Labor Party, "That this committee protest against the outrageous utterances of Messrs. Lundie, Clark, Taylor, Dale, and others, and their ridiculous and unfounded statements made against the Labor Party, by which no doubt they hope to appear as great and aggressive fighters in the cause of humanity, but which in the eyes of the true worker only counts for claptrap and position mongering, and that this resolution be forwarded to the council of the United Labor Party."

The ordinary rat squeals most when the cat has it by the back of the neck. Lundie, Clark, Taylor, Dale, and other revolutionaries are the cats, and the men with the heads of Wood are doing the squealing.



## MY LADY'S GOWN.

'Tis a priceless gown that milady has,  
Of filmy fabrics rare.  
There are priceless gems on her dainty hands  
And in the ripples of her hair.

She is fair and good from the rose-leaf face  
To the silken covered feet;  
And the smile that rests on the rounded  
lips  
Is womanly and sweet.

But the gown is priceless still I say  
With its sheen of shimmering light;  
For the delicate threads of the lace were  
wrought  
And a sister lost her sight.

And the rustle of silk seems the weary sigh  
Of the children of the mills,  
Who are crushed and maimed in the flying  
wheels  
Where the grinding labor kills.

'Tis a priceless gown that milady wears,  
And I see as she moves or stands,  
In the shimmer of silk or floating lace,  
The motion of little hands.

And I seem to see in the ruby red  
The blood of the men of the mines;  
And the lanterns shine on the face of the  
dead  
Below the earth's confines.

And the pearls that gleam on the rounded  
throat  
Twin pearls to the ones 'tween her lips  
Are the tears of the widows and orphans of  
those

"Who go down to the sea in ships."  
And I see in the beauty and grace of her  
form  
Freedom from toil and care.

They blacken their hands in the grime and  
filth  
That hers may be waxen and fair.

'Tis a priceless gown that milady wears  
From the hem to the jeweled stole,  
For the making of garments like to this  
Was the cost of a sister's soul.

—KATE BAKER HETZEL, in N.Y. Call.

## International Notes.

## Italy.

The new editor of the *Avanti*, Claudio Treves, entered upon his duties on November 15. Since Bissolati's resignation, Bonomi has filled his place, but has now also resigned the post.

## Poland.

Two members of the Polish Socialist Party in Prussia have been prosecuted for offending the Essen police officials in a leaflet dealing with the Prussian suffrage struggles. Comrade Wojciechowski was condemned to three weeks' imprisonment, while comrade Zaliez was acquitted.

## Russia.

On November 17 the Court of Appeal pronounced sentences against 31 persons accused of being members of the Revolutionary Party; three were condemned to hard labor, ten to transportation, and most of the rest to imprisonment in a fortress.

In the tobacco plantations of Arif, near Yalta, on the Black Sea, the most terrible exploitation of women and children has been going on. The owners forced these poor slaves to work from four in the morning till twelve at night, besides which they were often beaten by the employers. The police condemned the plantation owners to a fine of 50 roubles for exceeding the legal limits.

Between October 17, 1905, and October 17, 1910, there were no less than 6,278 death sentences in Russia, and 3,168 executions, not counting arbitrary massacres.

## Sweden.

*Socialdemokraten*, our Party's organ in Stockholm, has just celebrated the 25th anniversary of its first appearance. It has been a daily paper since April, 1900. The occasion was celebrated by a special illustrated edition, in which Hjalmar Branting gives a resume of its history during the 25 years.

## Austria.

In spite of the limited suffrage, our Party has achieved great successes in the town council election at Graz. Six Social-Democrats were elected, among them Dr. Seacheri, editor of the *Arbeiterwille*, and Pongratz, who is also a member of the Reichsrath.

## France.

Jaures recently pointed out in the Chamber that if the right to strike were taken from the railway men it would be the thin end of the wedge, and that it will soon be taken also from other workers. The adventurer protested. He said one must not generalise, and that the question was only that of an exceptional measure, strictly limited to the railway men. Andre Morizot, writing in *L'Humanite*, compares this with a cutting from *L'Echo des Mines*, the organ of the large employers affiliated to the Comité des Forges,

in which the plea is brought forward that the mines were also a national necessity in the same sense as the railways, and that it would, therefore, be quite logical to treat miners in the same way as the railway men. Thanks, says *L'Humanite*, for this preliminary confession!

## Spain.

The high hopes that were centred in Canelejas, when he took over the Ministry, have not been realised. He has allowed himself to be influenced by the military party. "It was they," says Fabra Ribas, writing in *L'Humanite*, "who made him prevent the meetings which were to be held all over Spain in memory of Ferrer. It was they who prevented—just as under the Maura Ministry—the Socialist and Republican demonstrations against the new campaign being prepared for in Morocco. It was they, again, who had Professor Pjeers, of the Madrid University, imprisoned for daring to criticise the vices of the military caste. Now they are taking from the young militant Socialists and other literary men the liberty to say what they think of the reaction which dominates Spain under every Ministry. Five of our young Madrid comrades are in prison for having participated in a meeting held lately in the Barbieri Theatre, Madrid. And several journalists, as for instance the Socialist, Ceges Aparicio, director of the *Barcelona Tribuna*, and a certain number of Radical literary men are also being prosecuted by the powerful military "justice" which holds Spain's destiny in its hands.

As to the working class, never has it been so despised nor so brutally treated. In the recent strike at Bilbao the workers were surrounded with soldiers as they struggled against the worst exploiters of Europe. And in the conflict of Saladell, it was the force of the sword which obliged the workers, after very courageous resistance, to retreat.

One can judge of the brutality of the provocation from the military side by the words of the sinister Weyler, the butcher of Cuba, addressed to the workers: "You may revolt, but I warn you that I shall not hesitate to fill the prisons. I have only guns, cannon and swords to put an end to this state of things, which serves but to accentuate the differences between Capital and Labor."

We are assured that when Canelejas is tired of being played with by the Pretorians and the persons who surround the King, it will be no other than the assassin Weyler who will take the reins of government.—*Justice*.

## Germany.

An important victory has been gained at Breslau (local elections), where six seats have been captured in addition to the two already in the possession of our Party, while two more comrades are in the second ballots.

In Frankfurt our Party has had great successes, eight Social-Democrats being elected; eleven Social-Democrats are in the second ballots. Our total vote was 17,000 as against over 20,000 votes polled by all the other parties together.

The Socialist Wesemeier, in Brunswick, has just entered upon the eight months' imprisonment to which he was condemned for offending Ministers in connection with the street fighting in January last. The Workmen's Choral Society sang in the courtyard of the trade union headquarters, and Wesemeier made a speech from the window. On the following day, when he left the town, a procession about 10,000 strong filed past the dwelling of the Minister Rossmann, with cries of "Hoch!" for Wesemeier and "Pfui!" for Rossmann.

On November 9 began the trial of the 35 persons accused of taking part in the Moabit riots. Or rather it would be more correct to say it did not begin, for the sitting, which lasted four hours, was completely taken up by the struggle of the defence against the attempts of the Public Prosecutor to bring the case only before "reliable" judges—a struggle in which at last the Court itself became involved, through a motion for other judges, so that the sitting came to an untimely end. While Theodor Liebknecht was speaking a woman was seized with a fit of hysterics. This poor creature, who was in extremely bad health, had been kept in prison all the time awaiting her trial, although, as she is married and has two children, the idea of her leaving the country was simply absurd. But the prosecutors looked upon her as a dangerous criminal.

Liebknecht was called to order for saying that the composition of the Court was biased, and the motion refusing the judges was rejected. On the following day the lawyer Bahn was condemned to a fine of 100 marks for contempt of court, for saying that he had been unfairly shut up the day before. The defence moved that the different persons should be tried separately, on the ground that as the collective trial would last several weeks those who were not in prison were being kept from their work. This was rejected, as was also a renewed motion for different judges. Three persons were afterwards provisionally released.

The Police-lieutenant Felte tried to put the blame for the whole occurrence on to a *Vorwärts* article, because the latter remarked that the strikers would use every means in their power to prevent the importation of blacklegs, and urged the workers in all branches to support the strikers in their efforts.

## The Masters of the Bread.

EVERYWHERE men, women and children stood in the market-place crying to the Masters of the Bread to take them to be their servants, that they might have bread. The strong men said, "O Lords of the Bread, feel our thews and sinews, our arms and our legs; see how strong we are. Take us and use us. Let us dig for you. Let us hew for you. Let us go down in the mine and delve for you. Let us freeze and starve in the forecastles of your ships. Send us into the hells of your steamship stoke-holds. Do what you will with us, but let us serve you, that we may eat, and not die!"

Then spoke up also the learned men and scribes, and the lawyers, whose strength was in their brains and not in their bodies: "O Masters of the Bread," said they, "take us to be your servants and to do your will. We are fine in our wit, how great our knowledge; our minds are charged and stored with the treasures of learning, and the subtlety of all the philosophers. To us has been given clearer wisdom than to others, and the powers of persuasion that we should be leaders of the people, voices of the voiceless, and eyes to the blind. But the people whom we should serve have no bread to give us. Therefore, Masters of the Bread, give us to eat, and we will betray the people to you, for we must. We will plead for you in the courts against the widows and the fatherless. We will speak and write in your praise, and with cunning words confound those who speak against you and your power and state. And nothing that you require of us shall seem too much. But because we sell not only our bodies but our souls also, give us more bread than these laborers receive, who sell their bodies only."

And the priests and Levites also cried out as the Lords of the Bread passed through the market-place: "Take us, masters, to be your servants and to do your will, for we also must eat, and you only have the bread. We are the guardians of the sacred oracles, and the people hearken unto us and reply not, for our voice to them is as the voice of God. But we must have bread to eat like others. Give us, therefore, plentifully of your bread, and we will speak to the people, that they may be still and trouble you not with their murmurings because of hunger. In the name of God the Father will we forbid them to claim the rights of brothers, and in the name of the Prince of Peace will we preach your law of competition."

And above all the clamour of the men were heard the voices of a multitude of women crying to the Masters of the Bread: "Pass us not by, for we must eat also. The men are stronger than we, but they eat much bread while we eat little, so that, though we be not so strong, yet in the end you shall not lose if you take us to be your servants instead of them. And if you will not take us for our labor's sake, yet look upon us: we are women, and should be fair in your eyes. Take us and do with us according to your pleasure, for we must eat."

And above all the chaffering of the market, the hoarse voices of the men, and the shrill voices of the women, rose the piping treble of the little children, crying: "Take us to be your servants, for the breasts of our mothers are dry, and our fathers have no bread for us, and we hunger. We are weak, indeed, but we ask so little, so very little, that at last we shall be cheaper to you than the men, our fathers, who eat so much, and the women, our mothers, who eat more than we."

And the Masters of the Bread, having taken for their use or pleasure such of the men, the women and the little ones as they saw fit, passed by, and there was left a great multitude in the market-place for whom there was no bread.—EDWARD BELLAMY, in "Equality."

Interesting wire: "Reports have reached Brisbane of serious trouble among a section of the natives on the island of Ponape, in the Pacific. A NATIVE WAS PUNISHED FOR DISOBEDIENCE, and, as a consequence, a great tumult arose. The trouble led to the murder of three whites."

Of course the gunboats will go along to still further "punish" the natives.

Johnson lost his poodle dog—  
He'd rather had a lickin'.  
He never saw his pet again.  
But ate him as canned chicken.

Port Pirie *Advertiser*, an alleged newspaper that no sober man would wrap a respectable sausage in, shrieked re the curters' strike:

"If bloodshed is necessary to settle the state of anarchy now existing in Adelaide, the sooner the better."

The *Advertiser's* stupidity is quite on a level with its grammar.

There will be a job for every man under Socialism.

Rob or die. Take your choice or help to change the system.

The modern meaning of success is getting the best of the other fellow.

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READ, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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## Mental Dynamite. 2d.



## THE TOP OF THE EARTH.

THIS is a song of the folly of man, who  
gazes in the depths below.  
He digs deep down as far as he can, in the  
bottom-most stopes of woe.  
With the pick and bar and the fuse and drill  
he is gouging sadly now;  
He is chasing quartz for the hungry mill in-  
stead of the useful plow!  
With his air-compressor and timbered shaft  
he is sinking down to hell;  
Oh, the ways of man, they are surely daft,  
and as cracked as an old tin bell!  
For the Top of the Earth hath a golden store  
that awaiteth the gatherer's hand;  
But the same old batteries clank and roar—  
hear the curse of the angry Land?

They are sinking still on a hundred fields,  
from the Towers unto Southern Cross;  
And they sink in vain for the ancient yields  
and they find but the same old loss?  
They are hoping hopes of a splendid lode,  
with a yard of gold per ton.  
But the devil guffaws in his warm abode,  
for he knows that the fields are done!  
He can hear the picks on the roof of hell as  
they struggle with winze and stope,  
And he laughs "Ha! Ha!" when the flood  
breaks in and drowneth the miner's hope.  
For a water-jacket surrounds the pit, and  
the devil exclaims with mirth:  
"Why don't these sorrowful gougers quit  
and inhabit the Top of the Earth?"

They are going down in the quest of gold,  
whilst the surface waits untilled;  
So the shafts are sunk and the shots are  
"holed," and the Man with the Fuse  
is killed!  
See the coroners sit on the mangled dead,  
hear the sad shareholder's groans—  
But he thinks of the dividends that are fled,  
and not of the broken bones!  
For the Man with the Fuse is always cheap,  
and is hired by the passing day;  
And his kids may starve and his wife may  
weep when he's crushed 'neath the  
rocks and clay.  
So it seems to me that the world is mad,  
for the Top of the Earth is fair;  
But they're hewing down on a vain jihad,  
'mid the dust and the burning air.

They are sowing the seeds of dread disease,  
they are dying in scores and scores;  
But they flee the sun and the crooning trees,  
for the winzes and stopes and bores.  
From the springs below I hear the cry of the  
good old earth and brown;  
But they slave where the useless crosscuts  
lie, they are ever going down.  
They are shattering quartz, and bursting  
rocks, and the stink of the 'fracture  
fumes.  
Is the breath of a devil who laughs and  
mocks as he digs them their waiting  
tombs!  
So I rather think that the world's insane—  
it's the Top of the Earth for me,  
Where the binder sings in the golden grain  
and the blood runs warm with glee!

They are stopped at last by the roaring flood  
that spurts from the depths below;  
So the useless stamps must cease to thud,  
and the Man with the Fuse must go!  
And it's all the same if he's halt or lame—  
if he crawls on the brink of death;  
He has drawn his pay, let him take his way  
—so the law of a mad world saith!  
On the Top of the Earth there was room for  
him, there was need for his strength  
and thw;  
And the Man with the Fuse faces hunger  
grim when the Bottom of Things goes  
through!  
The surface waits with its pregnant soil;  
but the devil is filled with mirth;  
In the reeking depths still the madmen toil  
—they have fled from the Top of the  
Earth;

—GRANT HERVEY, in the *Bulletin*.

## Origin of Boy Scouts.

ACCORDING to Ralph D. Blumenfeld, editor  
of the London *Daily Express*, the Boy Scout  
Movement was born at Mafeking, South  
Africa, amid bursting bombs and flying  
shells. A fitting birth-place for an organisa-  
tion trained in all the arts of legalised murder!

It is true the boys are also taught to ren-  
der "first aid," etc., but does that make  
the movement any less war-like? Are not  
soldiers detailed to do such work in every  
army and during every war?

Those at the head of the movement deny  
that it is a military organisation and claim  
that it is simply a training school for the  
purpose of teaching boys to be self-reliant  
and manly. That sounds very well, but we  
question if it is necessary to be skilled in the  
use of firearms in order to be self-reliant and  
manly? Is it possible for a boy to be either  
self-reliant or manly if the right to use his  
reasoning powers be denied him? The  
Scout is bound by oath to obey any order of  
his employer "at once." However unjust,  
unreasonable or repugnant the order may  
appear to the Scout, he must obey it "at

liberty to protest after the order has been  
obeyed!

How effective such protest would be! It  
is equivalent to the employer saying: "Do  
my dirty work, and after it is done you may  
protest all you want to." We lay particu-  
lar stress on the fact that employers are  
mentioned in the Scout law for the reason  
that we are of the opinion that it is for the  
benefit of the captains of industry that the  
movement is being pushed. The trusts have  
all the powers of government back of them  
and yet they are confronted with in-  
subordination in the ranks of their army of  
workmen. They have been trying to solve  
the problem of how to get rid of all this  
mutiny, and have hit upon the Boy Scout  
movement as the most effective way to train  
their future slaves! Every normal boy is  
fascinated with the idea of life in the open.  
To camp out, to take long tramps over the  
fields and through the woods, to fish and  
hunt, to swim and row, is to him the ideal  
life. The Boy Scout movement appeals  
strongly to boy nature. The Masters are  
organising the boys by making the most  
powerful appeal they can think of, and  
when the boys are interested, they are first  
sworn to obey their master's commands,  
with no stipulation made as to whether the  
order is right or wrong, and then trained in  
the use of firearms.

There are some who will say the above  
reason for the existence of the Boy Scouts is  
far-fetched, but is it? Is there any one so  
foolish as to imagine that the masters of fi-  
nance ever do anything through impulse?  
Has it not been demonstrated time and  
again, that every move they make has first  
been studied from every point of view?

Do you men of the working-class think  
that the men who were smart enough to rob  
you of five-sixths of your earnings for years  
are not shrewd enough to look ahead a few  
years in order to outwit your children and  
hand them over to their future masters (the  
children of your masters), bound and  
gagged?

Think well before you permit your boy to  
become a Boy Scout!

Teach him, if you will, all the good things  
of the Scout law, but impress upon him the  
necessity of using his brains, of doing his  
own thinking, and never under any circum-  
stances to take an oath to obey his employer  
without first counting the cost of his obedi-  
ence. Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell is at  
the head of the English movement, which,  
it is claimed, was "born at Mafeking."

We all know why shells were flying and  
bombs bursting at Mafeking in 1900. The  
Boers were a peaceful, home-loving people,  
and the war was brought about for the pur-  
pose of conquering them and confiscating  
the valuable mines, etc., of their country.

That war is one of the darkest blots on  
history's page. So we repeat: It was very  
appropriate that a military organisation  
should have its origin at Mafeking, where  
men were wounded and dying all around.

We do not believe Ernest Thompson Seton  
or Dan Beard (who both claim the honor of  
being the originator of the Boy Scout move-  
ment) ever expected the movement to be-  
come a world-wide one, or that either of them  
intended to make it a military organisa-  
tion.

It is our opinion that the shrewd minds  
of the money kings were the first to grasp  
an idea of the marvellous power such an or-  
ganisation would confer on those who con-  
trolled it; and that it will be used to further  
the interests of the master class, we have no  
doubt whatever.

We will be surprised if the teachers in our  
public schools, acting under instructors, do  
not make an attempt to interest the boys  
and persuade them to join the Boy Scouts!  
Warn your boys!—*Heritage*.

## Socialist Fables.

### Sinbad and His Load.

BY W. R. W.

ONE day when Sinbad the Toiler was very  
weary from carrying the Old Man of the  
Land on his shoulders, he came to a multi-  
tude of men and women.

The multitude marvelled greatly at the  
sight of Sinbad and his load; the poor fel-  
low looked so weary, while the Old Man on  
his shoulders was so very fat and strong.

Sinbad asked the people to help him to  
get the Old Man off his back, but while  
many were willing, some of their leaders  
said, "No, that would be against the Law."  
"Well, abolish the law, and get him off,"

Sinbad; but a bishop stepped forward and  
said, "Not so; God placed him there, and  
it would be against his will to remove him."

The people fell back in alarm at this; but  
a pressman interviewed Sinbad on behalf of  
his paper, and his remarks were printed  
urging that the Old Man of the Land should  
be taken off his shoulders.

The editor then took the matter up on be-  
half of the Old Man on the Land, and wrote  
some powerful articles to show that to take  
the Old Man off Sinbad's shoulders would be  
immoral, confiscation, repudiation, and re-  
volutionary Socialism. "He must," he  
said, "be honestly paid to come off."

So the people borrowed a large sum, and  
paid the Old Man of the Land to come off  
Sinbad's shoulders, and he came off, and  
Sinbad went away rejoicing.

Sinbad slept very soundly that night, but  
when he rose in the morning, he found  
another Old Man on his shoulders, who  
greatly resembled the first one.

"Oh, sir, who are you?" asked Sinbad.  
"I am the Old Man of Capital," said the  
Old Man, "a brother of the Old Man of the  
Land."

"Oh well," said Sinbad, "you should  
get off my shoulders, for only yesterday the  
people paid your brother a large sum to get  
off."

"Ah, yes," said the Old Man; "and I  
lent them the money. You'll have to carry  
me now."

## A Column of Clippings.

The disfranchisement of women is an in-  
heritance from barbarian war.

Charity organisations and poor laws had  
no existence in primitive society.

What is the study of Socialism but the  
study of human society—of civilisation and  
of man in his relation to it.

Socialism will promote a higher moral-  
ity.

The enfranchisement of men is only par-  
tial, for neither men nor women are given  
any voice in the management of the indus-  
tries where they are employed.

Socialist propaganda is reaching the sub-  
merged masses who have never been trained  
to think, never tried to think, and never  
wanted to think.

Under the present system, hardly any one  
can gain except by the loss or disappointment  
of one or many others. In a well-constituted  
community every one would be a gainer by  
every other person's successful exertions;  
while now we gain by each other's loss and  
lose by each other's gain.

"Each for all, and all for each."

There can be no despotism until some one  
can be bribed and fooled into carrying a gun  
to kill people.

It is not the square deal, but the gamble  
of the game that counts. Some are sure to  
lose if any win.

There can be no independence as long as  
men are dependents on the capitalists for a  
job.

The soldier is sure of a job because he  
holds in check the many who are not sure  
of it.

Thou shalt not kill by retail. The killing  
monopoly doesn't wait for you to.

Labor-saving machinery saves labor only  
for the owner of the machine.

You work for wages, and the capitalists  
work you for suckers.  
He who owns the iron machine owns also  
the political machine.

The capitalist parties are radical, but radi-  
cally wrong.

They who build battleships seem to think  
that competition is the life of trade.

If there had been no stagnation of ideas  
and morals there could be no agitation to  
follow.

Socialism is a pleasant dream of the only  
people in the world who are thoroughly  
awake.

The first demand for a ten hour day was  
made in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1791. The  
men making the demand were looked upon  
as anarchists by the pillars of society.

Another Socialist gone wrong. W. R.  
Gaylord has filed his expense account in  
running for congress in Milwaukee and al-  
most getting there, and it amounts to 10  
cents. In the eyes of the old party grafters  
this is a crime.

Judge John McCall, of the federal court,  
announces that he is not going to fine the  
Standard Oil company anything like 29,000,-  
000 dols., as Judge Landis did. A small  
fine can be set aside, the honorable court  
evidently believes, without making a fool of  
him. Meanwhile the Standard Oil company  
has just declared a dividend of 50 per cent.

War is merely a section of the workers of  
one country fighting with a section of the  
workers of another country for the profit of  
their masters.

The capitalist class hate and loathe the  
very class they live upon. It is nearly time  
the workers realised this fact.—*Justice*.

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